

## THE LATEST FASHION NEWS

BY JUDIC CHOLLETE

### MODISTIC MATTERS.

#### New Way to Wear Jeweled Pendant.

Hand Worked Cravats Lovely. An idea that is novel as well as pretty is a neat little bow tied in front, with a jeweled pendant hung from the center.

Striped and shaded velvet hats in light and dark gray and black, with one huge feather swathing the crown



A PRETTY OVERBLOUSE—3388.

A pattern of this overblouse is cut in six sizes—from 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Send 10 cents and the number (3388), and the pattern will be promptly forwarded to you by mail.

and falling gracefully over the shoulders, are making their appearance, and they are very chic and new.

The little hand worked cravats are lovely, and they are useful where one finds one's neck too low or too unfinished. They come in ecru, cream or white lace, and they are finished with lace ends and a touch of color. Some of these lace cravats have a little red in the shape of coral disks worked into the lace.

Many of the new spring gowns are trimmed with leather, and the most delicate tones of suede are hand embroidered and used for trimming upon neck and collar. Belts are embroidered to match, and the wide crush of satin has come back and is holding its own against the wonderful fitted girdles that are offered to match costumes in all colors.

This jumper, or overblouse, is worn over plain waists or with guimpes, slips and the like. If made of the same material as the skirt, it tends to give the impression of a whole costume, which always looks more dressy than a separate waist and skirt. Cap and puff sleeves are included in this pattern, the use of either being entirely a matter of personal fancy.

JUDIC CHOLLETE.

### FRIBBLES OF FASHION.

#### Hand Embroidered Collars Very Smart—White Silk Waists.

Medium height collars, hand embroidered, are very smart. The latest are turned over the band, though plain linen standing collars are accepted for shopping and traveling. The crochet



A PLAIRED SKIRT—3794.

A pattern of this plaired skirt may be had in six sizes—from 22 to 32 inches waist measure. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number (3794), and the pattern will be promptly forwarded to you by mail.

ed four-in-hand of coarse, open mesh is dressy and is worn with white linen men tailored shirt waists.

White taffeta shirt waists severely tailored are very smart for wear with plain cloth suits.

Little diamond shaped corset shields are now offered in the shops. They are lined with rubber, washable, and are covered with batiste, silk or nainsook. They are attached to the corset just under the arms, where the friction between the outer clothing is often not only unpleasant, but sometimes disastrous, especially to full figured women. These trifles are easily attached to the corsets and are supplied with an understrap by which to secure them.

Plaires skirts are becoming to the majority of figures, and this accounts for the wonderful popularity of these models. On the seven gored skirt shown the single plaits are stitched to yoke depth, but are pressed flat, so that they keep their shape to the lower edge. This skirt clears the ground when worn and is suitable for a walking or general utility model. Silk folds are used for trimming.

JUDIC CHOLLETE.

## A FAMOUS DETECTIVE

The Rise, the Achievements and the Fall of M. Vidocq.

GREAT FRENCH POLICE SPY.

His Career as a Coiner, a Burglar and the Associate of Thieves—He Knew the Secrets of More Than Half of the Criminals in Paris.

"The fellow has made his escape by the roof!"

A little band of Parisian police had paid a surprise visit to a mean, dirty house in one of the most disreputable parts of Paris. It was about 8 o'clock in the morning when an officer tapped at the door and demanded admittance of the trembling person who opened it. Slipping past him, they crept swiftly and noiselessly up the rickety stairs to the door of a room, opened it and rushed in. But the bed in which they had expected to find their man was empty. He must have heard them stealing up the stairs and escaped by the window.

The officer in charge of the party looked out. In the darkness he could distinguish nothing. But the man must be there. His clothes still lay beside the bed, where he had cast them down when he had retired the night before.

Some of the most daring of the officers crawled out after him, while others went for ladders to reach the roof from the street. The man must be caught! He was found at last. Crouching down and seeking to hide himself among the chimney stacks, the officers pounced upon him.

A short time later he was before one of the chiefs of the police.

"Good day, M. Henri," he said, saluting the stern looking official. "Some one has once more betrayed me into your hands."

"You are accused of being in league with coiners and passers of bad money," said the official. "What have you to say?"

"Only that I am innocent, monsieur, though the people in the house where I lodged were guilty of such practices. I had the honor of calling on monsieur some time back and of saying that I could put it in his power to clear Paris of such scoundrels."

The man the officers had found upon the roof and who addressed those words to the police official was one Vidocq, a man destined to become famous as one of the greatest detectives of modern times.

Vidocq had been concerned for years past in all manner of rogueries. He had received various terms of imprisonment. He was regarded as one of the most dangerous of the hundreds of criminals that threatened the honest citizens of Paris. He was daring, full of resource, a man of marvelous physical strength and audacity. Upon two previous occasions his accomplices had, knowing how much the police valued his capture, betrayed him into their hands. This was the third time Vidocq had so suffered. Two could play at that game.

"M. Henri," said Vidocq, "make me

one of your agents, and I swear to put you in possession of the secrets of half the criminals in Paris."

The offer was a tempting one, for the Parisian police were then baffled by criminals of all descriptions, and Parisians were crying out for more efficient guardians.

"We will see," replied the official.

A short time later Vidocq found himself in prison, condemned to serve a sentence of eight years. But that miserable convict sentenced to that terrible sentence was really a police spy. He was popular with the other convicts and learned all their secrets. Each night he used in his cell to write out an account of the discoveries he had made during the day. The report was dispatched to the chief of the police and proved remarkably useful.

One day the criminal world of Paris was amazed and joyful over the marvelous escape of Vidocq from prison. They received him with open arms. As a matter of fact, the authorities had come to the conclusion that Vidocq could be much more useful to them outside than in that grim place. His escape had all been planned. Vidocq returned to his associates as a hero. In fact, he was a spy—a spy with the keenest eyes, the most alert ears, the most subtle brain, to learn all the villainy going.

It was wonderful what ill luck began henceforth to dog the criminals of Paris. All their plans came in some mysterious manner to the ears of the police. Was it Vidocq who betrayed them? Some of them were so convinced of it that at last Vidocq found it necessary to disguise himself and act the part among them of a new hand in crime. A consummate master of disguise, he went among them, still unsuspected, in his new role.

He was certainly one of the most useful fellows that the police had ever had as an ally.

"Vidocq," said M. Henri to him one day, "we must find that fellow Fossard, the man who has escaped from the prison at Brest. He is in Paris, hiding somewhere. His lodging is in a house in a bystreet near to a market place. And there are yellow silk curtains to the window of his room. In the same house there lives a woman with a humped back. That is all I can tell you about the fellow—all I have been able to learn."

It was a vague clue to work on. Vidocq, anxious to distinguish himself, set off. A window with yellow curtains, a woman with a humped back! For weeks he walked about Paris searching for such a window in a house in which lived such a female.

He found it at last. The humped lady was a seamstress, and Vidocq made himself so agreeable to her that he quickly learned all about the lodgers in the building. Fossard—under another name, of course—tenanted a room at the top of the building. How was he to be got at? He was a man of prodigious strength, a man who had vowed he would never be taken alive, a man who always carried firearms, ready to slay any one who might seek to take him.

"Such a man is best taken in his bed," M. Henri suggested Vidocq. The only difficulty was how it was to be managed to take him so.

Fossard, in spite of his being such a desperate criminal, was a bit of a fop. He used to keep a bottle of eau de cologne in his room. That scent was to prove his undoing. It is not the only occasion that perfume has proved disastrous to criminals who have indulged in it. A few nights later, when Fossard was in bed and fast asleep, he was awakened by a timid knock at his door. Calling out to know what he was disturbed for, he heard a timid child's voice in reply. It informed Fossard that the knocker was poor little Louis, the nephew of a woman on the next floor who had been taken very ill and who had sent the child to beg M. Fossard to lend her his bottle of eau de cologne. Fossard groped round for the bottle and with it in his hand threw open the door. Vidocq and his helpers were on him in an instant.

"The most terrible man in Paris!" such became the description among

the dangerous classes of Vidocq, now a recognized agent of the police.

He was not regarded with favor by members of the detective service. They might well, indeed, look askance at a man with such a record.

"I have never caught any criminal who more deserved imprisonment than M. Vidocq," protested an indignant officer to M. Henri one day.

But Vidocq was too useful to be hastily set aside. Never had the criminals of Paris such a bad time as they were now enjoying with Vidocq in the detective force.

He organized the first really efficient detective service on the continent. The task of selecting twelve assistants was confided to him. Vidocq chose the majority of them from the cleverest thieves he knew. Those that had been pickpockets he made wear gloves. It was impossible for them to indulge in their former bad habits while wearing those fashionable articles.

Tall, of magnificent physique, with what is known as an "open" countenance, with large twinkling blue eyes and a mouth that seemed to be ever ready to break into good natured laughter, Vidocq was perhaps the last man in the world to be taken for a detective.

"I always regretted," he declared once, "that my duty prevented me from cultivating a mustache, but it would be a sad hindrance to my disguising myself. I had to give the idea up. Criminals would have got to know that mustache of mine."

So he remained a close shaven man to the end of his days. Perhaps there never was a more energetic dissembler than Vidocq. He relied upon his marvelous facility in making up to utterly bewilder the professional criminals he had to deal with.

In one day's hard work he assumed no fewer than twelve wholly distinct disguises!

He went, when he was not in disguise, constantly armed. A pistol lay ready to his hand in a pocket of his handsome clothes, and a dagger was concealed in the front of his coat.

At the end of ten years' service he retired.

The news spread all over Paris. Vidocq, who had made the police of Paris more feared than they had ever been before, was actually in the hands of the police!

He had after his retirement from the force established a private inquiry office, and clients of all kinds flocked to him. Then he opened an agency for the protection of shopkeepers and merchants against fraudulent customers. He had as many as 8,000 customers on his books when the police arrested him, and he was now accused of having in many cases become the ally of the very people from whom he was supposed to be protecting his customers. He was found guilty and sentenced to eight years' imprisonment. When he at last got the conviction reversed Vidocq found himself a ruined man.

One of the attractions at a place of entertainment in London years ago was M. Vidocq. The great detective had taken to the stage! Enormous audiences came to see the strange man, who related his extraordinary experiences and seemed like a dozen different men upon the stage by his marvelous quickness in changing his appearance.

One day in 1857 a white haired, feeble, mumbling old man lay dying in a bed in the garret of a house in a miserable Paris street. He was Vidocq, the marvelous detective! Helpless, in poverty, dependent on the charity of friends, the once terrible man lay there awaiting the approach of death. Almost his last word, according to one who attended on him, were: "You are my prisoner."—London Tit-Bits.

Why He Was Excused.

At the Dublin city sessions one morning a juror prayed to be excused and said he had a doctor's certificate that he was not fit to serve. He handed up a closed envelope to the recorder, who found it contained a letter from a well known Dublin medical man. Amid great laughter in court the recorder read this letter aloud:

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